

Behind The Obvious by [fairyshipped](#)

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Summary: Normality seems like an enemy to Eleven, since she doesn't understand why Mike is mad at her and along with that Hawkins city faces old dangers once again, threatening everyone's lives.

1. Unexpected Happenings

"Would you rather..." Dustin looked up from the card and glanced every person in the room before continuing. "Have super powers in a violent world, or live in a peaceful one without them?"

The boys and Eleven were playing Would You Rather, a board game Joyce had bought for Eleven, since the colorful box had caught her attention. The girl recalled the incident that had happened that day in her mind, how she grabbed the object without asking, and almost carried it out of the store without paying. That's the day she learned about payment and money.

"Wow, that question's like, made for you El!" Lucas talked with enthusiasm; the coincidence of the situation boosted their anticipation for her answer.

"Come on man, who wouldn't want super powers? Such an easy one." Dustin seemed confident, only to be proven wrong.

"Second." she said immediately.

Sure, her powers are supportive, in times where she needed to flee from the bad people, beneficial, when she wanted to humiliate Mike's bullies, and 'neat' as the boys insisted.

But her days in the lab, the life she spent sealed in an empty room just and only to be forced into doing gruesome things...no, she didn't want that.

Her reply appeared to have upset the mood, because Dustin made a surprised grimace, Will and Lucas put their palms in front of their mouths to show their astonishment and Mike's face formed a frown, which compared to the other boys expressions, looked quite real and serious.

Their reactions affected Eleven severely. Did she give the wrong answer? She had thought the game was of free choice, not the other way around. Why did they, why did Mike, seem so disappointed?

She decided to ignore them and carry forward with the game. Maybe they were just teasing (teasing? Was that the correct word?) her.

When Eleven left the Buyers house with Will and Jonathan she didn't receive the usual smile that Mike delivered to her every time he waved goodbye. Why? What happened? Did she do something wrong?

"Wrong..." she whispered to herself.

"Did you say something, El?" Will looked at her, expecting her to talk.

"Am I wrong?" she said silently, but Will, being used to it, caught every word.

"Wrong? Of course not, El! Why would you say that?"

She gave him a slight smile, a smile like those of Mike's when he greeted her, but didn't receive today.

Mike sat silently on the couch of the basement -should he call it his room? That's where he spends most of his time for like, always-. He was holding a comic book, Green Lantern Corps, but wasn't paying any attention to it. His mind was travelling to the word Eleven had spelled a few hours ago. Second.

She preferred living in a world where she had no powers. A world with a different past. A world where she hadn't met him. A world where she lived composedly a dull life. Yes, she had lived some unforgettable memories, he was aware of that, but was it bad enough so as to draw a blank on every moment they lived together? They would never have met, and Mike couldn't even stand the idea. She introduced him to a whole new world he would never be able to approach without her joining the journey he called life.

But she was willing to throw it away, like a piece of trash, no second thoughts, no guilty looks, just a short answer, and next question.

The boy tried to focus on the book, but being unsuccessful, he sighed and let the comic out of his hands, figuring he had no need of it.

After driving Will and Eleven back to the house, Jonathan decided to take a stroll around the eerie woods, which lacked of light. After the adventure of Will's disappearance he comprehended that walking in these woods, especially at night time, was an unwritten law.

Though, the monster that was menacing their lives before was no longer alive. Behind it it abandoned an empty forest, towering, dark trees that made you realize how insignificant a single individual -like him- actually is, compared to an infinite universe.

And if there truly was a threat existing in this creepy forest, Jonathan had the experience he needed to afford being accosted by a terrifying monster. It had happened, and he could cope with that once more.

Only that tonight, there was one unsimilar thing to every other one. Nancy, his friend, who was beside him when he attempted to confront the monster previously, wasn't present. And she had no reason to, because the monster was no longer existant.

But the thought of his friend, who he in strict confidence loved, being with a person he sincerely disliked, caused his mood to be turned upside-down.

His thoughts were temporarily interrupted by a high-sounding noise of feet pressing down the dry leaves. Jonathan tiptoed behind a tree that could completely hide his shilouette, without leaving any suspicions in the background. He glanced around hastily, his fingers holding onto the thick trunk, his breathing becoming heavier and more boisterous as he heard the noise nearer every second.

He could see a tall figure now, but couldn't make out if it was human or not. Its back was touching a trunk of a tree, and he could not make out a face. Was it coming out of it? His mom had watched it emerge from a wall before, while Nancy had gotten into the Upside-Down from a hole on a tree.

Did that mean, nothing was over yet? Eleven had killed it, but obviously more than one existed.

And when Jonathan struggled to escape out of the forest, he heard a

deep voice calling out to nothingness..

"Eleven."

2. Hush clandestine emotions and happenigs

Jonathan was bewildered by the inexplicable event that he witnessed two hours ago. Now lying on his comfortable bed, sheltered, free from danger, he could arrange his thoughts, without fear getting in his way.

Was it the same monster they had faced before? Or was it another one?

Why Hawkins? Of all the places it could go, it ended up in Hawkins. Wasn't the gate closed? Or did it seek revenge for eliminating the other one?

How could it talk? No one had heard it speak before. And why was it searching for Eleven?

The questions were continuous, like a river of them flooding inside his brain, but no trace of answers. He decided he needed to inform his old friend about the situation, so he headed for the phone that was located in the living room.

He dialed the number of Nancy's house, while checking the room for privacy. Three beeps were what it took for him to receive a voice from the other line of the phone.

"Hello?" Jonathan recognized the voice, but knew it wasn't a Wheeler.

"Who's there?" the teenager boy was about to slap himself, he sounded like a knock knock joke.

"This is Steve."

Steve? Why did Steve answer the Wheelers phone? Was he that acquainted with the family so as to pick up their telephone?

"Oh, hey Steve. This is Jonathan. Is Nancy there?"

"Considering it's an hour after midnight, nah. She's asleep," he could imagine the sarcastic grin Steve must have worn on his evil face right at this moment.

The irony in his tone was the last thing Jonathan wanted to be confronted with. And, in addition, he wasn't in any need of Nancy's help, or advice.

He shut the phone at its base forcefully, when he remembered that everybody in the house was asleep, and he cursed himself silently.

Eleven was fond of her new life, where people showed her affection, instead of cold behavior and arduous commands. But there were days same as this one that Joyce was at work, Will and the boys were attending school, and she had to wait at home, with nothing else to do.

By all means, she was allowed to leave the house, not like anyone could hurt her, but today, she had no intention on going outside.

Currently, she was using her powers to keep a random book she had encountered with on the air, soundlessly turning its pages. On days like these, Eleven trains herself by making heavy objects float, or sometimes she punches at nothing. She had discovered an interesting move, where her telekinisis could help her throw a super punch.

No one knew of her little practice sessions, and thankfully, she was able to hide the days when she pushed the limits. She had to strenghten herself up, so as to not go through any undesirable drama again. She was aware of everybody missing her when she suddenly disappeared, after defeating the monster at the school.

Will was a significant factor of her coming back, since he was able to travel between the two worlds. After that, he hasn't been to the Upside Down again, and nor has she. She was confident that they had come out on top about specifically that part of their lives.

"El?" Will's voice echoed through the room, and El let the book drop down on the floor immediately. "El. Hey," he leaned over, his hands touching his knees, while he was breathing rapidly.

"Okay?" she pointed at him, wondering why the boy was in such a rush.

"Me? Yeah, I'm okay. Mike is who I'm worried about."

They were in the woods, the very same woods where they had first met each other. Eleven was glad for being lost in there in the middle of the night, terrified of what her future would be, if there was one. But the boys had found her, befriended her, and taught her a whole new world.

Them, the people she had got close to because of three, now four, young boys were the reason she knew what happiness was.

"Here we go..." Will talked with a worrisome expression, preventing Eleven from becoming emotional. "Down there."

She followed his finger that was pointing on the ground with her eyes, where a hole was located.

"Mike?" she angled towards it, a recognizable small figure looking at her.

Embarrassment was filling Mike's cheeks, his self-esteem dwindling lower than ever. Indeed, it was more than amusing to fly in the air, he had done it before, but the fact that he was stupid enough to fall into a hole with his bike that he could not climb up without assistance was humiliating.

"Hey El. Can you, uh...get me out of here?"

The trio was now walking out of the woods, silence between them.

"Guys, did you hear about the problems with electricity in town last night?" Will was the one to talk first, startling the two other kids who had got used to the sound of their steps and only.

"Yeah...do you think...?" he couldn't spell the words outloud. They were all suspicious and puzzled, but talking about it would remind old fears they wished that remained untouched. And by glancing on Eleven, and seeing her terror-stricken expression as she realized what Will's words meant, he didn't want to progress the conversation any further.

Jim had been investigating for any kind of clues since he got wind of the odd happenings at the town. Well, to be blunt, electrical issues were not that odd; a small town like Hawkins reasonably had those inadequacies, but knowing what he does, even a minimal oddity was enough to start looking.

The fact that to an outsider, his story would seem -no, not seem, it would certainly stand as unbelievable, or a farfetched story trying to impossibly explain the disappearance of the missing kid, urged him to laugh quite harder than he's used to.

Searching through the woods, the only thing he was able to find were disgusting bugs, human footsteps and bicycle traces. Those damn kids never listened to them, for god's sake.